

PREFACE

1. *Speaking with bare feet*

Lounge of an advertising agency. Advertiser of the Year awards party.

S (*a little embarrassed.*) - Yes, I remember that.

O (*excited.*) - And you didn't like playing football with us either. You were always with the girls.

(*Short pause.*)

O (*in a mocking tone.*) – I was already smart back then, huh! (*Takes a sip of champagne. Burps.*) Come here, aren't you going to serve something else besides that?

S (*promptly.*) – Just tell me what you want and I'll call the waiter. (*Looks for a waiter with his eyes.*)

O – Nonsense. One will be here soon. (*Drinks the rest of the champagne.*) But you haven't changed anything since then.

S – You too.

O – How kind. Always friendly and polite. This here is squeezing me. I can't handle anything too tight.

(*O sits down and takes off his shoes and socks with some difficulty. S watches with interest.*)

O – Ah, what a relief. (*Gets up and hands the socks and shoes to S.*) I have to go take a piss. I will be back in a moment.

S – The bathroom is...

(*S hesitates a moment before discreetly smelling the socks. S closes his eyes with the socks on his nose. The cell phone rings. S fumbles, drops his shoes on the floor, puts the socks in the outside pocket of his jacket and picks up the phone. S recognizes the number.*)

S – Hi. Now I can't talk to you. I'm in the middle of the party, obviously.

(*O approaches S.*)

S – Okay, I have important people here.

O (*showing the glass of whiskey in his hand.*) – Look what I found. Of the best quality.

S – I'll talk to you another time. Kiss. (*Turns off the phone. Puts it on silent.*)

O – It's a chick, isn't it? When they stick to us, it's awesome. Even more so when the guy has money like us. (*Tapping the belly.*) They recognize it by the belly.

S (*amused.*) – But you're not that fat.

O – Oh, no? (*Lifts his shirt and shows his flabby belly. S is embarrassed. O lowers his shirt.*) I don't know how to behave properly. My father always told me that. You don't need to repeat it.

S – I wasn't even going to say anything.

O – I'm kidding. (*Hugs S sideways with his arm around his shoulders.*) You've always been a friend.

(*S closes her eyes. E approaches in a very low-cut dress.*)

E (*to S.*) – What happened, are you sleeping standing up?

(*S opens his eyes immediately.*)

E (*looking around. To S.*) – Your party sucks.

O – Isn't that your sister?

E (*staring at O unwillingly.*) – Do we know each other?

O – Of course. I was your brother's high school classmate. Don't you remember me?

(*Short pause.*)

E – Oh. I remember now.

S – His father owned that cement company.

E (*looks at O's belly*) – Hmm.

O (*to S.*) – She must not find these matters funny.

E – The waiter never comes by.

S – She finds very little things funny.

O – Man, when I last saw her she must have had some...

E (*to S.*) – Idiot.

O – Oh, sorry, did I say shit?

E (*without paying attention to O.*) – Look who's there.

S (*nervous. Looks at E in a threatening way.*) – Excuse me. (*Leaves hurriedly.*)

O – Do you forgive me?

S – What for?

O – Well, weren't you irritated with me?

E (*pulling out a cigarette*) – The idiot is for my brother. Idiot.

O – It was nice to have met him again after so long. He remains the same.

E – Have you got fire?

O – I don't smoke. (*Laughs.*) Not cigarettes.

(*E makes a smile.*)

E – Now it starts to get more interesting.

(*O gets excited.*)

E – What do you do by the way?

O - Me?

E – Yeah. Do you work with your father?

O – Yeah.

(*Short pause.*)

O (*holding back a smile.*) - Work.

E – Hmm, what a mystery.

O – Actually, I don't like working.

E – And do you like going barefoot at parties?

O (*looking at his feet.*) – Oh, I didn't even realize I was like that. Where are the socks?

E (*smiling.*) – I liked that.

O – What?

E – In that cool way.

(*O sits down and puts on his shoes with some difficulty.*)

O – I also find this very annoying. Shall we look for another place? If your brother doesn't mind, of course. After all, he is the star of the night.

E – It's not the first and it won't be the last one. He has a few on display in his room.

O – He is a very intelligent guy. Always been. He kept giving me cheating.

(*E notices that O has trouble tying his shoelaces.*)

E (*putting the cigarette in her mouth and bending down.*) – Let me help you.

(*O is surprised.*)

E – I was going to give one of these to my ex-boyfriend for his birthday, but I thought it was too expensive.

(*E gets up.*)

E – Let's go quickly, before he finds us out. (*She takes O's hand and they leave.*)

2. *Reading with open arms*

Stables of the Jockey Club. An hour before the horse race. X is sitting on the floor, with his back against the shed wall, his legs bent, his arms open, chewing hay and reading a book. O and E get closer.

O (*controlling a certain irritation.*) – I just came to see how the mare is doing.

(*X closes the book, gets up and wipes the back of his pants.*)

E – What ignorant people.

O (*with a slight irony.*) – My jockey is a different guy. Spend all his time reading! You can't call him ignorant.

E – No. Ignorant was the guy who designed his uniform. White?

O – Draws more attention. That's what matters.

X – I was reading because everything is ready.

O (*dryly*) – But I had already asked you to put down those books before the race. The last one you came in fifth place.

X (*head down.*) – Fourth.

E – Can I get close to the mare?

X – She is very susceptible.

O – Of course you can. The mare is mine.

E (*amused.*) – Susceptible? That jockey of yours is a luxury.

O – I wish he always won.

E – Nobody always wins. There are times when we lose.

O – Do you want to touch her?

X – She doesn't react well to strangers.

E (*incisively*) – The mares like me. (*To O, smiling.*) And I them. But come on, he must know what he's talking about. Then you'll say you didn't win because of me.

O – I'm not going to say anything like that. If she loses, the fault...(*cell phone rings.*)

Excuse me. (*Moves a little away from E and X.*) Hello?

(*X strokes the mare. E stares at X with fascination.*)

O – Okay. I'm going there. (*Hangs up the phone. To E.*) Stay here and I'll be right back. (*Leaves.*)

(*Short silence.*)

E – I always wanted to jump on a horse. Do mares like you too?

X – I never had any problems.

E – Have you been working on this here for a long time?

X – I grew up in this place. My father was a jockey. I learned from him.

E – Hmm, what an interesting story. It would make a movie. Does he still ride?

X – No. He is very sick. He can't even come and see me.

E – You must be proud of yourself.

X – He would die if I left this here. And the medicines are expensive. He lives with me.

E – That's complicated.

X – But I don't want to stay here all my life.

E (*surprised*) – No? Never thought about being a model? I can give you a hand if you want. I know people. Influential. Look at me.

(*X looks up at E.*)

E (*licking his lips.*) – That bone...manly. It's what they look for most.

X (*awkwardly.*) – If you don't mind, I need to finish...

E – Of course I bother. I'm your boss's guest. You have to treat me very well.

X – Sorry, I didn't mean to offend.

E – Okay. I just wanted to make it clear who is who.

(*The mare neighs. X tries to calm the mare.*)

E – Does your girlfriend complain about the fact that you spend the weekend cooped up here?

X – I don't have a girlfriend.

E – Oh, no?

(*The mare neighs.*)

E (*to X.*) – I'm going to get you out of here.

(*X looks at E.*)

E (*laughing.*) – That's not what I meant. Or do you think I would want to get involved with a jockey?

(*Short pause.*)

X – The mare is nervous. It will compromise.

E (*angry.*) – Fuck the mare.

(*Short pause.*)

X – Your boyfriend doesn't want to release me.

E – Boyfriend? (*Realizing.*) Ah, the fat one? We are just friends.

(The mare neighs.)

E – But does he rule you?

X *(a little agitated.)* – Here he comes. Don't say anything to him. Please.

O *(approaching.)* – So, are you ready for victory? *(Burps. To X.)* Look, there's a lot of money involved. A lot.

E – I'm hot. Take me to drink something. It's very stuffy in here. It has an animal smell.

O – It must be that mare that is in heat.

(E looks embarrassed. X hangs his head.)

X – Excuse me. *(Exits into the stable.)*

(O trips over X's book. O kicks the book away.)

O – Shit book. It just bothers me.

E – Maybe it's not the right profession for him.

O – There is no such thing. For two years he won everything. And I made a lot of money. Why did he stop winning now?

E – Phases. Perhaps his is done.

O – No way. I invested a lot in all of this. I want a return. And don't tell me the problem is the mare. She is doing very well and thank you. *(Looks at his Rolex watch.)* Let's go and have a drink before the first race.

3. Drawing with the breasts out

S office at advertising agency. X is sitting opposite S on the other side of the desk. S has X's token on the table.

S – Do you have any experience with computers?

(X shakes his head no.)

S – Are you aware that your salary will be less than a third of what you received there?

X – Yes.

(Short pause.)

X – Yes, I do.

S – Won't this become a problem for you?

X – It will, but...

S – You said you supported a sick father.

X (*advances in the chair.*) – That's what worries me most. (*Falls back in the chair.*)
Deep down, I already think this is all crazy.

S – You're sorry. I don't want to make you give up working here at the agency, but I feel obliged to clarify everything with you. I do this in every job interview.

X – I understand. You were very nice to me. I was the one who rushed. I think my place is there, among the mares and not here. And there's my father.

(*Short silence.*)

X (*looking at the bookshelf.*) – I also really like reading.

S (*surprised.*) – Oh, really?

X – Yes, I do. But my boss doesn't approve. He thinks literature is to blame for us not earning more.

S – What nonsense! He must be a huge idiot. (*Looks for something on X's sheet.*)

(*X smiles embarrassedly.*)

S – The decision is yours. Let me just see if I know this strange figure.

(*E bursts in. A and X turn to E.*)

E – It's already decided. If he's made it this far, of course he's going to stay.

X (*gets up.*) – No. Your brother is absolutely right. It was a very hasty attitude.

E – But what about all my effort to get you out of that filthy, smelly warehouse?

X – I like it there. That's not what bothers me.

S – No more knocking on the door?

E – He asks me to get out of that mediócre equine life and now he backs down.

S – He's a sensitive guy. He has a sick father to support.

E – And because of his father he will be buried forever under the hay?

X (*extends his hand to S.*) – I thank you.

S (*examining X's file*) – Let me just see who...(looks at X. Looks at E.) Why didn't you tell me before?

E – He won't mind. And besides, I'm the one who has to worry about this, not you. An old and forgotten childhood friend.

S (*to X.*) – Can you wait outside for a bit?

E – Are you going to ruin everything now because of a friendship that no longer exists? The fat guy doesn't even remember that you're my brother. (*He leans over the table, takes an ocher pen and draws on a sheet of paper.*)

(*X observes E's breasts, which almost escape through her blouse.*)

E – The head... the short legs... the ironed hair... and the big belly. (*Stands up and hands the drawing to S.*) That's it. Are you going to back down because of this?

X – I think it's better to leave you two alone. (*He makes to leave.*)

E – Wait.

(*X turns to E.*)

E – You wait for me there on the sofa and don't leave!

(*X leaves.*)

E – What is it, huh?

S – I'm the one asking you.

E – The guy took me to the horse race, introduced me to the jockey, I kindly listened to his story and I'm trying to help the guy.

S – Did he invite you to go with him to watch the grand prize?

E – Taht's right. Why? I can't? You must think I don't have the class to wear a hat, right? Or else I don't have the money to buy one. (*Walks around the room mockingly. Stops. Looks at S seductively.*) He was the one who bought me.

S – I don't believe it.

E – He who offered.

S – You can't use people like that.

E – That's my problem.

S (*sits at the desk.*) – I'm not going to give this guy the job. Full stop.

(*E is stunned.*)

S (*looks at E.*) – Did you hear?

E – I don't understand this ethical outbreak all of a sudden.

S – I have always been an ethical guy.

E – With a smelly fat man, who is always belching...ah, tell me another story. Keep passing on your customers.

S – He is not my client. He is my friend.

E – Do you want to give him your ass, is that it?

S (*crumples E's drawing and throws it in the trash.*) – You're confusing me with yourself. Now leave.

E (*whispering furiously.*) – Yes, I want to win this jockey, and you will help me, do you understand?

(*S pretends not to hear E. E holds S's arm tightly. S looks at her.*)

E – Do you understand me? (*Leaves slamming the door.*)

(*S cries.*)

4. *Answering the phone having its back*

Jockey Club bleachers.

S – And does she know how to behave?

O – But she's your sister, man. You must know this better than me.

S (*slowly sipping a margherita.*) – How delicious. I wonder how much money she must have spent on her dress...

O (*looking through binoculars.*) – I gave her one. How can you appreciate this??

(*S is surprised by O's sincerity.*)

S (*with somewhat cynical caution.*) – So that means...

O (*lowers the binoculars and looks at S.*) – Hu-hum. (*Smiles.*) Very yummy.

S – Yes, there's a taste for everything.

O (*looking through binoculars.*) – Yeah, I didn't expect anything else from you. One wouldn't find his own sister hot. Go, you mare!

(*S admires O's behavior.*)

O – Crap! She was a sure tip, that mare.

S (*taking O's binoculars and looking through it.*) – Which one?

(*O takes S's hands and positions the binoculars.*)

O – This one. (*Burps.*)

(*S lowers the binoculars and looks at O.*)

O (*embarrassed.*) – Sorry.

S – Why?

O – By burping.

S – That's not why I looked at you.

O – Did I show you the wrong mare?

(Short silence.)

S – I have to go to the bathroom. Hold my things.

(S leaves.)

O *(takes a pad from his polo shirt pocket.)* – Very well, very well, let's see what's going to happen now...

(A cell phone rings. O Answers it.)

O – Hello?

(The phone keeps ringing.)

O – Shit, it's his. Do I answer?

(The phone rings.)

O – Hello. What? Hey...young man, he's not the one talking. He's a friend of his. What? Boyfriend sucks! It's making me feel...ah, it hit me. You go fuck yourself.

(S approaches from behind O.)

S – The bathroom is rotten.

(O turns to S.)

S - Your girlfriend didn't complain?

(S looks at him a little perplexed.)

S – What face is that?

O – Of course. But of course.

S *(snapping his fingers)* – What happened? Did any of your mares win?

O *(laughs.)* – You're a hell of a friend. *(Hugs S tightly.)* My little brother-in-law.

(X approaches.)

O – Ah, it took a while, huh. You were reading some shit, right?

(S and X look at each other. S still trying to understand O's reaction. X embarrassed.)

O – That's my jockey. He hasn't been successful lately, but he'll soon get back on track.

X – The mare is sick.

O – What?

S – Was it my sister who called you?

O *(turns to S)* – What?

X – I need to go back to the stable.

O *(turns to X. Dazed)* – How come, out of the blue?

S – You can give me my things now.
O – Damn, you're going to make me dizzy! One at a time!
(*S checks his cell phone.*)
S – Shit.
X – Can I go?
S (*to X*) – You can keep the book.
O – What book?
S – One that I lent.
O – Do you know each other?
S (*embarrassed.*) – Ah... I thought...
O (*to X.*) – Come with me, show me this fever.
S – Stay with me. The seventh race is about to begin.
(*O looks at S and leaves. X follows him.*)
S – Damn! Son of a bitch! Why the hell I left my cell phone with him?

5. *Opening the refrigerator with the belly down*

Garage of O's mansion. X in front of an open refrigerator. Cars.
O – Did you understand correctly?
X (*with his back to O.*) – Anyone?
O (*walking nervously.*) – I always trusted you, I bet all my chips. (*Stops and looks at X. X closes the refrigerator with his elbows.*)
O – You can't have fallen apart like that all of a sudden. Tell me what's happening. Is it money? (*Takes several bills out of his wallet and throws them on the floor.*)
(*X looks at the bills and hands O a can of beer.*)
O (*opening a can of beer.*) – So it's a woman. If you're a woman, it's a money problem. Oh, take whatever you need.
(*X sits and faces O. O approaches X, puts his foot on a chair and looks at X closely.*)
O – He told me everything. That you went there to ask him for a job and got away with it.
X – That I went to ask for a job. I?
O – Are you telling me you didn't?

X (*smiling mockingly.*) – Okay then. I did go.

O (*walks through the garage.*) – Oh, my God, now you all decided to put me on the spot.

(*X holds up the beer can.*)

O (*irritated.*) – Look here, look, I don't care about replacements.

X – But didn't you say that I...broke down?

O – Don't you dare play with me...

X – I'm just repeating your words.

O (*conclusive.*) – I'm going to talk to your father.

(*Short pause.*)

X (*going to the fridge.*) – Leave the old man out of this.

O (*going after X.*) – The old man won't take the slight. He prepared you. He gave his life to make you a champion.

(*X opens the refrigerator, takes out a can of beer and closes the refrigerator with his elbow. X turns around and comes across O.*)

O – You won't be able to pay for the medicine with your salary there.

X (*opening the can*) – I can't pay now.

O – I pay.

(*X chokes and looks at O.*)

O – I want you with me, by my side. I need you.

X – For some people, studying is important.

O – Sheepskin doesn't bring money to anyone.

X – I don't have a family to support me.

O (*hitting his chest.*) – But you have me. I'm worth much more than a shitty family!

X – To be or not to be.

O (*claps his hands. With irony.*) – Bravo! Bravo!

(*X looks at the can in the trash can.*)

O – If you get it right, you will continue to be the brilliant jockey you have always been. If you make a mistake, you'll burn that pile of useless books, bookworm food.

(*X looks at O. X drops the can on the table. X leaves. O laughs with satisfaction.*)

6. Taking a while to take a bath sitting

Bathroom in S's apartment. The door is open. S is sitting in a bathtub full of water, eyes closed, rubbing his neck slowly with a hot pink sponge. He listens to "Sonho de Ícaro" on the stereo player at high volume. After some time, X cautiously knocks on the door. S doesn't listen. X lowers the stereo volume. S opens his eyes and lets out a frightened scream. X gets wet with S's fright.

S – Damn, man! How did you manage to get in?

X – I...the neighbor saw me there and...got nervous thinking that...

S (*embarrassed.*) – You said half past eight, so...

X (*sitting on a stool.*) – I know, I know. (*Putting his hands on his head.*) But I wanted to get this thing over with quickly.

(*S makes to pull the towel.*)

X (*looks at S.*) – I could have called you.

S – Indeed.

(*X and S look at each other.*)

X (*getting up.*) – Do you want me to get you the towel?

S (*shrinking.*) – Oh, no. No thanks. I'll stay inside. If you don't mind.

X (*sitting down.*) – I decided to continue with my life. I should never have left it.

(*S becomes restless in the bathtub.*)

X – I thank you for the books you lent me.

S – Won't you want any more?

X – Better not. He'll bother me. And I'm fed up. I want peace.

S (*interested.*) – Is he really that annoying?

(*X nods.*)

S – About that day there at the jockey, I ended up reporting you by accident, I'm sorry. Something very annoying had happened and... did he mention something to you?

X – About what?

S – About me.

X – I just said that you told him I had gone there.

S (*relieved.*) – Ah...

X – And it was me who decided to go.

S – And wasn't it?

X – It was your sister.

S (*getting up indignantly.*) – I knew it.

(*S notices his nakedness and quickly pulls the towel away.*)

X – But I didn't want to say anything. It would cause more trouble. I've already learned that with these money people...there are exceptions, of course...but as a rule, they just want to mess with us.

S – Typical of her. She keeps winding him up.

X – I don't want anything to do with her. Let this be very clear.

S – That means she already tried something with you then.

X – Yeah...

S – And I thought it was only another fantasy of that crazy one...

X – It gets embarrassing because she's my boss's wife.

S – How shameless. But stay calm. I'll figure it out.

(*X and S look at each other. X gets up hurriedly.*)

X – But then, okay. I've already given my message. Thanks again. (*Leaves.*)

S (*shouting*) – Slam the door!

(*S puts on the same music as before while he dries off.*)

7. Laughing with legs crossed

Sophisticated restaurant.

O – Look! We pay these lesbians a lot, and they serve us fifty grams of veal.

E (*tasting.*) – With a delicious mango chutney on top...

(*E observes him.*)

O (*laughing.*) – You're so cute, you know that? You can chase away my bad mood.

E (*passing his hand over O.'s face*) – Really?

(*O is disturbed by E's gesture.*)

E – But what's the problem with the owners being a lesbian couple?

O (*awkwardly.*) – Ah, it's the way of swearing.

E – Don't you have any dyke friends?

O – Of course I do.

E – And...gays?

O (*suspicious.*) – What's the problem?

E – Do you know any?

(*Stares at him seriously.*)

O (*smiling, approaches E.'s face*) – This subject is not funny at all. Women are much more interesting.

E – Do you really think so?

O (*languid.*) – Hu-hum.

E (*sharply*) – I'm thirsty.

O – This game really makes us thirsty. It's a superhuman effort to find the food inside this gigantic plate. Look at the size of it here.

E (*dropping the fork on the plate.*) – Oh, stop it. Am I very messed up?

O – Deliciously.

E – Wow, that's not seductive at all.

O (*mockingly.*) – And who is seducing anyone here?

(*E looks at O.*)

O – I thought you had already been seduced a long time ago. (*Crosses legs.*) Then let's smoke.

E – And can you do it here?

O – Your friends are very liberal. This has its advantages. And I'll love seeing you with a cigar in your mouth.

E – Love it.

(*O cuts the cigar.*)

E – And I also like your class. A kinda style...

O (*trying to light the cigar.*) – ...kinda?...

E – Clumsy to be. Keeping your feet bare at my brother's trunk party. Now crossing the legs to light a cigar.

O – Light a cigar for you.

E – That excites me, you know?

O – So it will be today. (*Looks at her.*) Won't it?

(*O hands the lit cigar to E.*)

E (*taking a puff.*) – I'm still not sure if I want that.

O – Oh, come on. Why keep cooking me like that, man?

E – I'm a straight-laced girl.

O – Debauched. (Puffing on his cigar.) Not debauched. Cruel.
(And he takes several puffs with great pleasure.)
O – You do that with all the guys, right?
E – No. I only eat the ones that really interest me.
O – And am I on that list?
(And blows O's face. O coughs.)
E – I want dessert. A chocolate mousse.
O – And after the mousse, I'm the one who'll want dessert.
(And inhale, hold the smoke for a while and slowly release a large amount of smoke.)

8. *Forgetting a name while lying down*

Massage parlor.

E – Did you see how good I am for you? You should think highly of me.
S (*the pleasure of the massage prevents clear pronunciation of words.*) – If you look at your bank account you will see that I think highly of you.
E – Did you have a lot of fun?
S – Not much.
E – Was there anyone interesting in the sauna?
S – For me or for you?
E (*laughing.*) – I don't need that anymore. I have guaranteed satisfaction outside of here.
S – I doubt it's with...what's his name again? The... the jockey.
(*E suddenly stops the massage.*)
E – Have you spoken to him?
S (*with an air of superiority.*) – He came home this week.
E – In your house? What for? Why didn't you tell me? Huh?
S – Keep going.
(*E massages S impatiently.*)
E – Talk, you fucker.
S – Yes, there was.
E – There was what?

S – There was a really hot guy in the sauna. He told me his name, but I forgot it.

E – I'm not interested in that, I want to know what he did at your house. You called him, didn't you? Is he fucking you?

S – Why always be so vulgar? You are a beautiful girl. Always hanging out with high society guys. You need to polish those manners of yours.

(E bends down and approaches S's face.)

E – Are you torturing me? Why? I swear I don't understand.

S *(thoughtfully.)* – Have I managed to be so discreet until now?

E *(gets up and puts more oil on her hands.)* – Damn, I know I'm not a saint, but you manage to massacre me. And I wonder why.

S *(sitting down.)* – He gave up working at the agency.

E *(stunned.)* – Did he?

S *(patting himself on the shoulder.)* – Do it here, look. This is where the tension builds up.

E – But he had the knife and cheese in his hand! It's okay that in the beginning he would earn less, but over time he would climb *(looks at S)*, you would promote him.

S – Come on, I'm waiting. This is the part I like most.

(E massages S on the shoulders.)

S – Yeah, right there...

E – And did he explain why?

S – He gave a lame excuse.

E – I know why. That fagot.

S – He caught me naked.

E – What the fuck?

S *(laughing.)* – I was in the bathtub. Listening to Biafra. The neighbor saw him ringing non-stop and thought I had killed myself. Do you remember the smell of gas the other day?

E – That old woman who keeps your key to take care of the dog?

S – My little dog has a name.

E – Okay, and then he came in and you were naked and he fucked you?

S – I'm not a promiscuous guy.

E *(hugging S from behind with affection and strength.)* – I want that guy for myself, I'm going crazy, I'm avoiding going to the jockey club so I don't do something crazy.

(Walks around the room.) But he's a piece of shit, he has nowhere to fall dead, my God. And he still has to support an old and sick father. *(Looks at S.)* I didn't want that for myself.

S – I've already helped you as much as I could.

E *(screams)* – That fat bastard!

S – Don't talk about him like that.

(E looks at S for a short time.)

E – No.

(S hangs his head in shame.)

E *(laughs nervously.)* – I don't believe it. With that hot guy behind you calling you all the time?

S *(a little sad.)* – What can I do?

(Short Pause.)

E *(slowly.)* – So you agreed to the guy's job, so that I would be satisfied and leave the fat guy for you. On a tray?

S – You have a very wrong idea of me.

E – And so, I would repel a millionaire guy, who goes to high circles and the best parties, who took me to eat pheasant and spend the holidays in Sardinia...

S *(with a hint of envy.)* – Did he promise you all this?

E –...but he has a flaccid belly and burps all the time...

S *(gets out of bed.)* – I didn't plan any of this. I swear. He showed up at the party, and you came asking me for a job for this jockey, and I wanted to help you. That's it.

E – You want to steal the fat guy from me and not the jockey. How stupid I was!

(S and E look at each other defiantly.)

S *(annoyed, collects his things.)* – Your plan didn't work. The guy doesn't care about you being around.

E – And neither does yours.

S – He doesn't want any hassle. *(Looks at E.)* It's a very... small mind.

E – So why keep lending him books to read? I'm terrified of intelligent men. With glasses. Serious and committed.

S – Too bad. *(Pensive.)* You'll see it's a shame. To imagine that he will never leave that stable full of mare shit. *(He makes to leave.)*

E *(going to the table with the oils.)* – He asked me to marry him.

(S stops. S turns to E.)

E – I haven't responded yet.

S – And what are you going to say?

(Silence.)

S *(leaving.)* – I'm going to give my ass. *(Leaves.)*

(Short pause.)

(E screams, throwing all the oils on the floor.)

9. Kissing with the arm outstretched

Sophisticated restaurant.

S – I liked it.

O – We've been here about five hundred times, *(to E)* haven't we?

(E nods.)

O *(stroking E's face. E feels a little repulsed. S watches E.)* – What's wrong, my love?

E *(trying to hide her discomfort.)* – Nothing. It's nothing. *(Cheering up.)* Shall we ask for the menu?

S – He already brought you hours ago.

(E looks at the menu on the table. E looks at S.)

O *(opens the menu.)* – The meats are wonderful.

S *(slightly ironic.)* – He really has great taste, doesn't he, sister? Discover places that no one has ever heard of. The decor is impeccable. Discreet but striking.

(O drops the menu and puffs up his chest with pride.)

E *(a little sad.)* – Do you remember that game we played as children...

O – My father really likes to eat a dish that is a mixture of raw ground meat with a raw egg on top.

(S makes a disgusted face.)

O – But we don't need to eat that. *(To E.)* Tonight is a special night, and therefore, special food. *(Opens the menu.)*

S – To each person's taste. *(To E.)* Because each of us must like something different, right?

O – I, for example, would like a juicy meat, a rare fillet, with pepper sauce. That's it.

(*To E.*) And you?

S (*anticipating.*) – I'll have...pheasant.

O – Pheasant?

(*E shakes in the chair.*)

S – Something against birds?

E (*quickly*) – You didn't forget the rings, did you?

S – What's wrong with the pheasant?

O (*amused.*) – Nothing. But they don't serve pheasants here.

S – Oh, no? I wanted so much to eat pheasant to celebrate your union. European monarchies celebrate weddings with pheasants.

O (*interested.*) – Really?

E (*getting up.*) – I need to go to the bathroom. (*Leaves.*)

S – And besides, you're certainly going to try a new motel today, have you booked the suite yet?

O (*disheartened.*) – I wish.

S – Why? You yourself told me that she was very hot.

O – She doesn't want to sleep with me.

(*S is surprised by O's sincerity. S lets out a loud laugh.*)

O – Shut up, man. Everyone's looking at us now.

S – Big shit. Nobody heard anything.

O – I didn't think she was such a tough nut to crack. To accompany it, you need a well-bodied wine.

S – My sister is almost a maiden. And I'm going to order a sparkling wine. Lots of gas.

O – But she gives a different impression...

S – She just looks like a little whore. But she is not. (*Mean.*) You'll regret it later.

E (*returning*) – What happened? I heard your laugh from the bathroom.

(*O gives E a kiss with his arm outstretched. E returns the kiss voraciously.*)

E – Hottie. I'm hungry. (*Takes the menu from O.*) I'll have strong meat, with an intense flavor. (*To O.*) Do they serve horse meat here?

S – Only from a mare. It is the mares that are sacrificed and slaughtered.

O – Who told you this nonsense?

E – He is happy with our marriage. He swallowed an encyclopedia before coming here.

S (*embarrassed. Whispering.*) – You could have been a little more elegant and left it to smoke this joint later.

O – Did you do that? (*Kisses E with outstretched arms.*) That's why I want to marry you.

E – So let's go. Get the rings.

(*O takes the rings.*)

S (*slightly threatening.*) – Are you sure this is what you want for yourselves?

(*E finds the tone of S strange.*)

O – Ready. Here they are. What do we have to do now? (*To E.*) It was you who had the idea.

S (*surprised*) – Her?

O – She didn't tell you? She made a point of respecting tradition. And since your father is already deceased, you are left as the man of the family.

E – The man. The only male.

(*S controls himself so as not to attack E.*)

E (*stretching out her finger*) – Put it on.

(*S lowers E's hand with a light slap.*)

S – No. First I have to consent. And to consent, we need a toast.

O – That's not why. (*Quickly leaves.*)

S (*pressing E's ring finger with a fork.*) – You fifth-rate little whore. Now it's time for the real deal. Let's see who can keep the trophy.

E (*getting rid of the fork.*) – It's sad to be a lonely person. I can understand your bitterness. (*With irony.*) So much money and so alone...

S – Don't forget. Better a bird in the hand than two in the bush.

(*O approaches the table.*)

E – The vulture will be mine.

O (*sitting down.*) – Yes. If I were to wait for those dykes, we wouldn't toast, ever.

(*S takes the rings angrily. S takes E's finger and forces the ring to be put on.*)

E – Hey! You hurt me.

O – But we are the ones who put it.

S – So we can get this over with. Give me your finger.

(O stretches out his ring finger a little awkwardly. O looks at E. E lowers her gaze. S slowly puts the ring on O's finger.)

S – Your finger is very thick.

O – That can't be a bad sign, huh?

S – Ready. Already engaged. Fuck the bad sign. I have the midas touch, have you forgotten? They are both blessed now. By me. May you be very, very happy.

(S sings "Sonho de Ícaro".)

10. *Dreaming with the hands in the pocket*

Cemetery. Fine drizzle. X with his hands in his pocket.

X – He didn't tell me right. I don't even have the brain to remember.

S – My sister said something. I think it was São Paulo.

X – He doesn't mix the company with the horses.

S – But did he at least call you to offer his condolences?

(X shakes his head negatively.)

S – Not even that?

(The drizzle thickens a little.)

S – How about something to drink? I'll buy you a coffee. Let's go.

X – No. I want to stay here for now.

(Short pause.)

S – He must have been a nice guy to you.

X – Quite so.

S – I wasn't lucky enough to have a father like that.

X – He was suffering a lot. You could see it on his face.

S *(cautious.)* – On the other hand, you are both free now.

(X looks at S.)

S *(correcting.)* – I want to say that he no longer has pain and you...*(Sneezes.)* I'm going to get the flu here in this rain. *(Opens umbrella.)*

X *(looks at the tomb.)* – You can go. I'm fine here.

S – I won't go without telling you that now I'm the one who really wants you to work with me.

(X turns to S.)

S – My sister begged me to do this for her.

X – For her?

S – For you. For your own good.

(Short silence.)

S – Think about it. You don't have to worry about your father anymore, he's resting now. And there's more. *(Sneezes.)* I'll cover your salary.

(X is surprised.)

S – You are an intelligent, perceptive, sensitive guy. You'll soon learn your role. You will grow quickly at the agency.

X *(awkwardly)* – You are exaggerating.

S – And stop calling me sir. We are the same age.

X – But why did she beg?

S – Oh, I don't know. She sympathized with you.

X – My boss will be furious with her.

S – That's a problem for both of them.

X – Look who's coming there.

(E approaches with short, quick steps. E hugs S and seeks shelter under the umbrella.)

E *(to S.)* – What were you doing here?

S – I'm the one asking you. Why did you come back here?

E – I can't find my car.

(X looks at E.)

E – It's just that it's new. I bought it yesterday.

(E looks at S.)

S – We were just talking a little.

E – About?

S – About life, what do you think.

X – About my father. About how much he will be missed by me.

(E looks at S.)

E – You're going to live alone now, aren't you?

X – I will.

E – Will you bear it?

S – Of course he will. He is a man. Men don't need company all the time.
E – A man who is a man, he doesn't.
(*S and E look at each other defiantly.*)
E – Do you want me to take you home?
S – But how? If you can't even find your own car, can you?
X (to S.) – I accept.
(*S and E look at each other.*)
X – And I don't think men don't need company.
S (*pulling E.*) – We'll talk tomorrow then.
E – But he said he agreed to come with me and not with you. Leave me.
(*E tries to get away from S.*)
S – He wants to stay here longer with his father.
E (*letting go of S.*) – I'll keep him company then.
S (*losing patience.*) – Let's go. I think he wants to be alone.
E (to X.) – Do you want to be alone?
(*X shakes his head affirmatively.*)
E – But what kind of acceptance is this then?
S (*irritated, almost shouting.*) – He accepts the fate imposed on him. Ready. Let's go now as the rain is getting heavier and heavier.
(*S leaves pulling E. E leaves looking at X in a mix of incomprehension and annoyance.*)

11. Waking up with painted nails

Motel room. Morning light enters through the curtain. E is sleeping curled up in bed. A bottle of champagne in a bucket. Sound of shower water. There is a discreet knock on the door. E wakes up, it takes her a while to know where she is. Another knock on the door. E looks towards the bathroom. E, in her panties, puts on the crumpled sheet to hide her breasts and goes to the door. E, sleepily, opens the door. X is standing with a folder of documents in his hand. The two look at each other for a while. E is embarrassed.

X – Hi.

E – Hi.

(Short pause.)

E – What are you doing here?

X – I came to end this once and for all.

E – He still doesn't know anything. I thought you already told him.

(Short pause.)

X – He was the one who called me to come here.

(E, humiliated, puts her hand on her face.)

X – I had never seen you with painted nails.

(E looks at her nails in surprise.)

X – I wanted to wait for the grand prix to pass.

E *(composing herself, disguising her humiliation.)* – Congratulations on the victory.

(Short pause.)

X – You didn't say anything to him?

(E shakes her head negatively. X observes the naked parts of E's body that the sheet does not cover.)

E – I'm not worried about it anymore. *(Puts down the sheet and kisses X on the mouth.)*

O *(offstage)* – Is anyone there?

(E closes the door. E runs to a chair. E gets dressed quickly. O comes out of the bathroom with his face covered in shaving foam.)

O – Were you talking to someone?

E *(finishing getting dressed.)* – There was someone knocking on the door and I was shouting I'm coming, I'm coming!

(O goes towards the door.)

E – Wait. You don't want them to see me naked, do you?

(O waits until E finishes getting dressed.)

E – Ready. You can open it.

(O opens the door.)

E – Who is it?

O – Enter, kid.

(X enters embarrassed. X looks around.)

O – I called you to congratulate you on yesterday. Now no one can take this wonderful mare away from us.

E (*extends his hand to X.*) – Congratulations.

(*X looks at E.*)

O (*putting X's hand together with E's*) – Greet her, man. What are you ashamed of?

(*X and E hold their hands together while O speaks.*)

O (*going to the bathroom.*) – Never had it in a motel? This is one of the best I know. Clean and the decor is exquisite.

(*E caresses X's face.*)

O (*offstage*) – I used to go to one that was very trashy. Each suite was decorated differently. One time I was with a girl there and they gave us the Flintstones suite. Look how ridiculous this thing is. The bed was an imitation of the cartoon, I felt like I was in a children's amusement park.

(*X takes E's hand away from his face.*)

O (*offstage*) – I bet you must have always picked up women very easily. You're a charming guy, good looking. And every woman likes a guy in a uniform. Even more so when it's white.

(*X leaves the room. The door remains open. E falls on the bed.*)

O (*offstage*) - I know this because when I'm wearing a suit, the women are all looking at me. Even with my huge belly. (*Entering the room.*) By the way, you... (*to E*) where is he?

E – Gone.

O – But I was going to open some champagne, I didn't have time yesterday. Everyone came to hug me. Treacherous bunch of fagots. They were jealous, yes. Why are you looking at me like that? Oh, I know. You liked my surprise, didn't you?

E – Do you do this with your mares too?

O (*laughing mockingly.*) – No, with them it's a hot iron in the ass. Come here, I'm in the mood.

(*E runs to the bathroom. E is heard vomiting.*)

O (*sitting on the bed. With slight mockery.*) – Yeah. If you had agreed to everything I wanted last night, you wouldn't be so sick. Or are you going to tell me that the shrimp cocktail was spoiled? (*He puts on his socks with difficulty.*) Don't you like the color I chose for your nails? You always say I have good taste. (*Tries to put the shoe on*

with difficulty.) Holy shit, I have to fix this belly. (*Throws the shoe away.*) But what is this guy thinking, huh? Just left without saying anything? Just because he won a fucking race?

12. *Borning with eyes closed*

Jockey Club Stables. One can hear the moans of a mare giving birth. S is inappropriately dressed for the dirtiness of the place. S makes a pendulum movement back and forth with his eyes closed, his arms forward with his hands hanging down. After a while, X appears with bloody white gloves. X finds S's movement strange. S opens his eyes and stops.

S (*cheerfully*) – Was she born?

X – Hu-hum.

S (*looking at the blood on X's gloves*) – Did she suffer a lot?

X – Probably.

S – Being born is a very painful thing indeed.

X – Giving birth is what hurts. Being born is easy.

S – Oh, do you think so? (*Pensive.*) Yes, it could be. But we are not women and we will never know. (*He gives a loud laugh.*)

(*X rinses his gloves in a bucket.*)

S – You get along well with mares, don't you?

X – They like me.

S – And how do they know that you are you?

(*X gets up, taking off his gloves.*)

X – Because of the smell.

(*S is impressed by the answer.*)

S – And now you're going to keep coming here regularly?

X – Is there any clause in our contract that prevents this?

S – No. Especially since now you will have your own car.

(*X looks at S.*)

S – And don't give me that face because I already told you that you just need to pay me when you can. I do not need money. And you know that well.

(X drops the gloves into the bucket.)

S – But dude, you just cleaned them!

X – It's water. With blood, but water.

(S consults his cell phone.)

X – Can I ask you something?

S *(to himself.)* – Thank God he stopped calling me. Boring dude. It didn't come off.

(To X.) Huh?

X – Why are you doing this?

S – What?

X – Giving me this chance.

S *(embarrassed.)* – Huh. For you. For my sister.

X – I still remember that day when I went to the agency for the first time.

S – For your talent. I believe in your potential.

X – And it hasn't been that long.

S – But why are you worried?

X – To understand. I like to understand things.

S – There's nothing to understand.

X – My ex-boss just smiled.

S *(interested.)* – Oh, really?

X – Yeah.

S *(with a certain frustration.)* – I thought he was going to kick me.

X – Me too.

(Short pause.)

S – Are you going with me or staying here?

X – I have to stay a little longer to find out how she will react.

S – Okay. I have to go to the mall. See you tomorrow at the agency then. *(Leaves.)*

(X goes out to the stable of the mare that foaled. O sneaks in from behind the stable. Looks in the direction of S. Smiles. Places his foot in the bucket of bloody water and slowly rears up until he completely drops it. Watches the water move spreading across the ground. After a while, X enters. O looks at X with a certain sarcasm.)

O – I tripped. In your books I also kept tripping. Now it looks like you will have money to buy many of them. The walls of your apartment...have you already got an apartment too?...They can be filled with books.

X – The mare just stays calm with me.

O – I saw he was here with you.

X – I didn't get anything from him. I bought my car with my own money.

O – Um, are you defending the new boss? You never defended me.

X – He doesn't need to be defended.

O – Bah, what a poster he's having, huh! Great competence, not only in advertising, but also in stealing other people's employees.

(X bends down to pick up the bucket.)

O – I came to tell you just one thing.

(X looks up.)

O – If you care. There are people who don't care. *(Mockingly.)* He wouldn't mind...

(X stands with the bucket in his hand.)

O *(looking at the stands with binoculars.)* – People are already saying that...look who's there, they must be celebrating that I lost my jockey...

X *(worried.)* – That what?

O *(looking at X.)* – That you're fucking him.

(X is shocked.)

O *(with hands open at chest level.)* – I'm just telling you what I heard. *(Places his hand on X's shoulder. With a certain falseness.)* I wouldn't forgive myself if you left here, which was your home for so many years, without telling you this.

X *(suspicious.)* – People are saying that, really?

O – Okay. What sons of bitches they are. But you never noticed anything about his appearance? The clothes? The way he laughs?

X – Actually, I started to notice the day I went to his apartment and...

(Awaits attentively for the continuation.)

X *(notices O's attention)* - ...ah, the furniture and the color of the walls, you understand?

O *(malicious.)* – It's all a bit pinky, isn't it?

(X nods.)

O – Okay, but don't worry. Perhaps you don't even care what people say. *(Looks with binoculars towards the stands.)* He's still there. He's laughing. Finding it funny. But whoever laughs last laughs best, you'll see that he missed that class. *(Looks at X.)*
But the mare is fine at least.

X (*hugging the bucket.*) – Yes she is, sir.

O – Don't call me that. (*Slowly with a hint of doubt.*) I'm not your boss anymore.

X – It's the custom.

O – Well, let me go now as I have to interview a jockey who is coming from the core of the country. Good guy. We will continue to win, you can write that.

X – Us?

O (*confused.*) – Us. Me and the mare. And him. (*Irritated.*) Oh, let me say whatever I want. (*He pats X on the shoulder.*) Okay, go stay with your mare, go. (*Leaves.*)

(*X remains thoughtful for a while looking into the bucket. X realizes that he is standing in a pool of bloody water. X leaves to the back of the stables.*)

13. Walking with wet hair

Poolside at O's mansion in the mountains. E and S lying on sun loungers.

S – This beautiful sun is delicious. Lots of luck on a sunny holiday at this time of year.

E (*looking at the pool.*) – It's delightful to look at this sculptural body. All wet.

S – Which one?

(*E turns his gaze to S, embarrassed.*)

S – Taste is taste.

(*E looks back at the pool.*)

S – Did he tell you why he decided to invite us to spend the holiday here?

E – Because you are my brother, damn it.

S – And what about him?

(*E doesn't know how to answer.*)

S – It's weird.

E – Why worry about it? (*Takes S's hand. Whispering*) Aren't you happy with the state of things? (*Looks at the smiling pool.*) I am.

S – Which one has the bigger dick?

(*E turns to S.*)

S – Asking does not offend. (*Takes the fruit cocktail and drink it holding the straw.*)

(*Short pause.*)

And I do not know. Hard to say.

S – Your gluttony will still destroy you.

O (*approaching, wearing swimming trunks and wet.*) – I'm no longer prepared to play polo in the water. I'm exhausted. (*He drops onto a sun lounger.*)

S – Your housekeeper is lovely. She left a rosebud on my bed. How should I interpret this gesture?

O – Like the kindness of a well-ordered maid.

E – And do you need to interpret everything?

S – Was it you who send it?

(*O smiles at S. S looks at E.*)

E – That one will wither in the pool.

O – He knows how to play very well. Good jockey and good at polo.

S (*cautioned.*) – The new jockey. Is he doing well?

O – You never went to see the races again? I thought you liked it.

S (*awkwardly*) – Ah, I went that time to see what it was like.

E – It's not the environment for you.

(*S looks at E irritated.*)

O – No complaints. Do you feel like smoking one?

E – I don't know if the superior nun would approve...

S – Fuck you. For me, what I want is to enjoy this sun, to get a nice tan, because soon winter and sadness will arrive. I hate cold.

(*O takes out a marijuana cigarette from a gold box. X approaches with wet hair.*)

S – Boy, dry yourself or you'll catch a cold!

E – With this sun? Let him stay wet.

S – Okay. The person who spoke is no longer here. And what about the wedding? Was it a false alarm?

O – I have to solve some problems first. I don't want to have my head full for such a special moment. (*O lights the cigarette and takes a long drag.*)

X (*to S.*) – I need to tell you something.

(*S stiffens.*)

O (*letting out smoke.*) – Hmm, how wonderful. That's how I like it.

(*Nervous pause.*)

S – Then speak. Say it.

(*E looks at X apprehensively.*)

X – It's over.

E – Excuse me?

S – Translate, please.

O – Is anyone going to accompany me on this excursion through the pleasures of life?

X – I decided to go back to where I belong.

S (*looking at O.*) – Were you aware of it?

O – He told me when he was losing five to two. (*Bring on the smoke.*)

S – But why? You were doing so well at the agency. Everyone praising you. (*To E.*) I even mentioned this to you, remember that? (*Looks at X.*)

O (*with the smoke trapped.*) – In the end he won the match.

E – You always wanted this for yourself.

O (*blowing smoke.*) – He's a born winner.

X – It's already decided. I won't reconsider that.

E – And he will continue to be a jockey. With the dusty white pants. Sitting in a rotten shed and chewing grass.

S – The first time he told me that, I was wet in a bathtub.

(*O looks at X ironically.*)

S – Now, he repeats the same speech. But he's the one who's wet coming out of the water. (*Harshly.*) I don't accept your resignation.

(*E looks at S in surprise.*)

O – Why insist? The good Son returns home. His place is in the stable with the race mares.

S (*gets up and goes to O.*) – No. He deserves a better place. He pursued and succeeded. I will not contribute to his downfall.

X – It's already resolved. I apologize for bringing this subject up at an inappropriate time. But I can't hold on to this kind of thing. It distresses me too much. My place is in the stable, yes. I'm a simple guy.

S (*exalted.*) – I am too! (*Holds X's arms.*) It's your future that you're wasting. (*Walks from one side to the other with his hands on his head.*) My God, I lent you so many books, I taught you so many things and now (*snaps his fingers*) everything is gone... like this?

O – He knows what's best for him. His father rode. It's a family tradition.

S (*goes to O, very irritated.*) – Tradition exists to be broken. This is one of the rules of advertising.

O (*mockingly.*) – Are you sure? (*Bring on the smoke.*)

S (*walks from one side to the other.*) – That's not true. It can't be happening. (*Stops. Turns to O.*) You planned this, didn't you?

(*O looks at S holding the smoke. E goes to S and moves him away from O.*)

S – You lack something basic in the best human beings. Sensitivity. To realize that people are not objects that we move like pieces on a board.

E (*to S.*) – Enough. Stop it. Calm down.

S – I'm very calm. Yet. (*Plays on pointe in the pool.*)

O (*releases smoke.*) – The sissy is nervous.

(*E is surprised by O's comment.*)

O – He doesn't know how to lose. He needed to play polo with us instead of lying around like a...

(*O inhales the smoke. E looks at X. X is downcast. E goes to the poolside. O releases the smoke.*)

O (*rifling through the golden box.*) – I told you you were going to commit. Sooner or later he was going to spill the beans himself. (*Looks at X.*) Did you see the story about the bathtub? I don't even know what this story is and I don't want to know, but what would anyone else think? That you guys took a shower together?

(*E turns shocked to O. X looks at E. E looks at X.*)

O (*getting up.*) – I'll go inside and get one more. It ended. And I take this opportunity to see if dinner is going as I ordered. (*Leaves.*)

(*E looks at X. Water runs from X's wet hair.*)

14. Thinking with the elbows on the floor

Living room at O's mansion in the mountains. Fireplace lit. Rustic but cozy atmosphere. E looks at X. Water runs from X's wet hair.

E – Is your hair still wet from the pool?

X – No. From the bath.

E (*going to the fireplace and stretching her hands towards the fire.*) – It's funny that at this time of year the temperature drops so much when it gets dark.

X (*looking at the upper floor.*) – Are they going to show up? After making out in the pool?

E – They were hot-headed. In a little while I'll be here drinking like good old friends. (*Turns to X.*) Which is what they are. (*Laughing.*) We are the intruders.

(*X looks at E.*)

E – Why are you Looking at me this way?

X – I haven't told you everything yet.

(*Short pause.*)

X – It's because it wouldn't interest them.

E (*fearful.*) – Just me?

(*X shakes his head affirmatively.*)

E – I'm here.

(*Short pause.*)

X – I'm going to get married.

(*E looks at X in disbelief. E laughs. O enters with a glass of whiskey in his hand.*)

O – Any jokes?

E – I think so.

O (*stirring the fire with an iron skewer.*) – Then tell me. I don't want to be left out.

X – Do you need anything?

E (*mockingly.*) – So he's already treated you like his little boss again?

(*O looks at E embarrassedly.*)

E – I'm thirsty. (*To X. Bossy.*) Pour me some whiskey.

O (*to X.*) – Get me firewood outside.

(*X leaves.*)

O – I am the one who serves you.

(*O pours whiskey into a glass. O makes to take an ice cube from the bucket with the tongs.*)

E – Cowboy.

(*O looks at E.*)

E – Do I have this right?

O (*taking the glass to E.*) – Did this guy's decision make you that uncomfortable?

E (*taking the glass from O.*) – No. It was the way you spoke about my brother that made me like this.

O (*with a slight mockery.*) – And isn't that true?

E – That's not the point. He always treated you well. Too good indeed.

O – And I him.

E – Sarcasm does not combine with respect. And not even with friendship.

O – Will you want to teach me this?

(*E is surprised by O's comment. E and O look at each other. S enters slowly without making a sound. E has his back to S. O sees S, but the eye line means that E doesn't notice it.*)

E – He loves you. He's crazy about you, just like you are about me.

(*O gets serious.*)

E (*approaches O.*) – He dreams of you every night by his side, he worships you, you have been everything to him since the day he met you again, the same night you fell in love with me. The girl (*turns around and sees S. Rallentando.*) who became a woman.

(*S looks at E with eyes full of tears.*)

E – That's a ghost.

O – This is a bad joke.

S (*for E.*) - Why? Why?

E (*confused.*) – I... I don't know... I was...

X (*entering carrying firewood.*) - I'll put it here (*puts the wood in a wicker basket*) and when the fire is turning out I push them to burn. (*Cleans hands. Looks at others.*)

O (*to S.*) – Is that true?

S (*brave.*) – Yes.

(*X looks at E for an explanation.*)

E (*angry.*) – All because of you. It was you who started the fire. Now turn it off. Come on, turn it off.

O – I considered you. But now, after finding out that you...

S – That I what? That I masturbate thinking about you? That I look at your belly and get a hard-on? Got it right. Nailed it!

(*X is shocked. X looks at O.*)

O (*going to S.*) – You are disgusting.

(S closes his eyes and begins to stagger.)

O – Do you know why your pupil abandoned you? Do you think it was because of the money? Because of tradition? Fuck tradition.

(X is bothered by O's words.)

O – That father of his had been vegetating for a long time.

X – My father has nothing to do with these stories here...

O *(to X.)* – Quiet! You're here and now shit is going to splash everywhere.

S *(opening his eyes.)* – Ah, is that the rule of the game?

(E gets nervous. E pours more whiskey. No ice.)

S *(ironic.)* – Aren't we going to get anything to drink from the host? *(To E.)* Give me that one.

X – I prefer to stay out of these personal issues of the three of you.

S – Too late. You're already more inside them than you imagine. *(Screams.)* Give it to me!

(E gives the glass of whiskey to S. S drinks it all in one gulp. S throws the glass into the fireplace. The glass breaks and the pieces fall into the fire.)

S – Why then?

O *(slowly.)* – It was because he is disgusted by fagots.

(S and O look at each other. X lowers his head. Nervous pause.)

S *(to O.)* – Do you think you are so superior to others?

E *(nervous.)* – Maybe we'll eat and forget about it?

O – No, I want to see what he has to tell me. My classmate.

X *(approaching S.)* – Look, I'm sorry to have caused all this commotion. I have a lot of regard for you, sir.

S *(mocking.)* – Consideration is very little. *(Looks at O.)* That's a feeling I don't have for you.

E *(pulling S out of the room.)* – It's over. That's enough. Everything you say will be worse for you.

S *(letting go of E.)* – I have nothing left to lose. One doesn't want to work with me anymore. The other discovered that he has a secret admirer and feels disgusted. And you? Is there anything to lose?

E – Stop it.

S (to O.) – It won't do you any harm if I tell you that you're a dead giveaway, a guy who lives off his father's money and wastes his time rolling marijuana cigarettes. I know that.

E (*almost begging.*) – It's not my fault (*pointing to X*) if he decided that.

S – But there is one thing that I am sure you will demolish with your pride. If I was always the sissy, you were the daddy's boy.

E (*begging, grabbing the collar of S's shirt with both hands.*) – I told him because I wanted to help you, defend you!

(*S throws E to the ground. O starts to attack S, but is stopped in time by X.*)

S (*courageous.*) – Before being your little whore for hire, she is my sister.

O – Tell me soon, you faggot, my patience with you has already ended.

(*O and S face each other. X holds O.*)

S – She is disgusted by you.

(*Short silence. S laughs. O bends down and lifts E's head by the chin.*)

O – Say he's lying.

(*E doesn't respond. O lets go of E's chin.*)

S – The same disgust you have for me, she has for you. Your flat, flaccid belly, my object of desire, makes her vomit. To vomit.

E (*with elbows on the floor.*) – No. A brother would never do that.

O (*laughing uncertainly.*) – She loves me. I know she loves me. (*Leaving the room.*) I know she loves me. (*Leaves.*)

(*X lifts E off the ground.*)

E (*looks at S.*) – And now?

15. *Eating on resting knees*

Balcony at O's mansion in the mountains. Night with a waning moon. Starry sky. Table after dinner. O is staring at his dirty plate.

E (*looks at S.*) – And now?

S (*satisfied.*) – Now we drink coffee and admire the stars. Have you ever bothered to look up to see the sky that we received as a gift today? (*He serves himself coffee.*)

X – I always do this when I have to go to the stables at night.

S – Now you'll be able to do this a million times, right?

X (*looks at O.*) – I already tried to apologize.

S – And do you think I should accept your excuse?

X – You have to understand my side too.

E (*sad.*) – He's getting married.

O (*to E.*) – Tell me it's not true.

(*E, S and X look at each other.*)

O – Say.

E (*takes O.'s hand*) – Let's not talk about that now. Let's leave it for tomorrow.

X – I think it's better too.

S (*with great irritation.*) – No, nothing is better. You let me down, go back to a job that is a sub-activity, and still think about getting married?

O (*slightly irritated.*) – What's the problem with his marriage? Just because you'll never be able to get married, is that it?

S (*sarcastic.*) – No, dear. It's trickier than it seems.

E (*realizing. Terrified. To S.*) – It was a lie. I lied to you.

O – Aren't you supposed to give this line to me?

X (*to S.*) – Why start all over again?

S – Because I ate on resting knees. Because I was called the worst things a human being can hear. Just for that.

O – Maybe you'll shut your mouth now. We already put up with you all dinner talking bullshit. And I'm fed up.

S – I think you should ask for recommendations before hiring your employees.

O – How is it?

E (*pulling O into the mansion.*) – That's more than enough for today.

O (*to E.*) – Then say you love me.

S – Their record is tarnished.

E (*to S.*) – No! No! I lied.

O (*to E.*) – Tell that fagot brother of yours that you're not disgusted by me!

E (*to S.*) – I never had anything to do with him.

O (*without understanding*) – Nothing? So it is true?

S – The truth, you idiot, is that she had sex with your favorite jockey.

(*O looks at E in shock. E cries.*)

O – Is this true?

X – That's a lie!

(O and X start fighting over the table. E tries to separate O and X.)

E – Help me, you fagot!

S *(drinking coffee.)* – Hmm, yummy.

(X punches O. O falls and is left groaning on the floor. E pushes O to the floor. X holds S by the collar. S spills the coffee on his clothes. S looks for something in his coat pocket.)

X – What do you want, huh? Aren't you satisfied with the damage you've done to our lives? How far does this evil go?

(S sprays X in the eyes. X lets go of S. E runs to X.)

E – You piece of shit, get out of here at once, *(crying and screaming)* out!

(E sits X on a chair.)

S *(going to the edge of the balcony.)* – How beautiful this sky is, so starry!

E *(goes to S. Turns S to face her.)* – I never had anything to do with him. It was all a lie.

S *(in disbelief)* – Oh, really?

E – Yeah, you piece of shit. I just wanted you to think I could do more than you. More. *(Losing the strength of her voice.)* More. More. *(Lets herself fall to the floor.)*

O *(sitting on the floor.)* – It's all over. You're fired. I'm going to look for another jockey. I should have done this a long time ago. The first time you decided to betray me.

X *(rubbing his eyes closed.)* – I didn't cheat. He lied.

O – I no longer want to know who is telling the truth. I got tired.

E – I'll take you to your room.

O – I'm going to sleep alone.

E *(to S.)* – He's going to sleep alone. I'm going to sleep alone. But don't forget that you will also sleep alone.

S *(looking down from the balcony.)* – If I had the courage, I would jump.

O – No. At least you could save us that.

X – Faggot. Bastard. Can someone get me a wet napkin? I can not see anything.

E *(to S.)* – To end the party, aren't you going to sing anything?

S – Sing what?

16. *Resting anyway*

S's car

S – Sing what?

E – Anything.

S – He was lying on the edge of the pool. He must have been smoking a lot all morning. What did he say?

E – He didn't react. He just said: "I'm resting."

S – That's what he's done his whole life. And it will continue to do so. (*With regret.*)
Hot.

E – He burped too much.

S – Does he have a big dick?

(*Short pause.*)

S – He liked you apparently.

(*S looks for a song on the radio. He finds "Sonho de Ícaro".*)

E – I don't believe it.

S – Did any of them visit you that night?

E – And the other one left very early. He didn't even have coffee, the housekeeper told me.

S – Was the marriage story serious?

E (*sighs*) – I think so. He doesn't lie like we do.

(*Short pause.*)

E – Do you remember when we were children, every time we played something and I was almost winning, you got angry, because you thought that because you were the oldest you had to beat me, and you played the board up high?

S – And so I wouldn't let you count how many memory pairs you had.

E – And I always had the taste of victory in my mouth.

S – But you never won.

E – And neither do you. I don't know which feeling was worse.

(*Short pause.*)

E – Can I change this horrible song?

THE END